..Mrs. Maltworth..

ort Maltworth, widow of the late Capt. Robert Maltworth of the -th Cavalry, proprietress of the Esmeralda Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had owned and managed the establishment on the shore at Scabreeze, she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had re sulted in matrimony. To tell the truth. Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

You would have imagined from the smile on her good-natured, motherly face-which had taken on just the faintest suspicion of a wrinkle since Providence removed the gallant captain from this sphere—that sorrow and worry had given her a wide berth. In this you would have been pardonably wrong. She was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of comforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Esmeralda had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing despondent. The season was rapidly drawing to a close and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure there had been one or two mild ilitations which land excited considerable expectation, but they had not "developed" and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

participants left Seabreeze.
."Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dear," said the widow one morning. "He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay -why, he doesn't say how long he will

"Who is he?" inquired the elder of who is he; inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of twenty-five, whose living inter-est was centred and circumferenced in the cutting down of expenses at the Exmeralda.

The widow passed the letter to her.

"He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son on the second-floor front, and his girl in the room

opposite ours."

The young daughter nodded approval. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tender-ness, mixed with her father's soldlerly pride. Many susceptible young men had been captured by the attractive face and charming style of Mabel, but she judged them from so high a critical that faw massed muster. So

she judged them from so high a critical standpoint that few passed muster. So Mabel wisely treated them all with a great amount of politeness and as wisely administered a cold rebuff when their attentions became warmer than necessity warranted.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter and an immense quantity of luggage, which surprised not only Mrs. Maitworth, but the boarders at the Esmeralda, who compared it with their own modest portmanteaux, much to the discredit of the latter.

The major was a middle-aged gen-

latter.

The major was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

"I always feel thoroughly at home with army gentlemen," she confessed

with army gentlemen," she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. "You see, I am a soldier's daughter, and married a man who carried a commission."

"Madam," replied the major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Madam," replied the major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Yes, my poor husband. Captain Maltworth, of the -th Cavalry—"

"What!" roared the major, springing from his chair. "Your husband-old Bob Maltworth of the -th?"

"The same, sir," curtested the widow, "My dear Mrs. Maltworth, this is indeed a pleasure. I and old Bob—"—Capt. Maltworth, were mates together before——. Have you ever heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?"

The widow, with a choking in her voice, did, "now she came to think of it," have a hazy recollection of hearing her dear Robert refer to a certain old chum of his named Rumsey, but she would have never connected it with the major before her. Dear, no, that she never would. "Bless my soul my dear lady" con.

"Bless my soul, my dear lady," con-tinued the excited major, walking to the window, "fancy coming across the widow of my old friend. The world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't

The opening of the door and the en-trance of Mabel caused him to turn

rance of Mabel caused him to turn round.

"Mabel, my dear, this is Major Rumsey—and—he is an old friend of your peor papa."

The major bowed to the fair young girl before him, while she blushed and murmured: "How d'ye do?" in so pretty a manner that the major was on the instant charmed and captivated.

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing, blue-eyed girl who had called him "Mr. Rumsey" no end of times, although he would have given anything to have been called Harold.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Har-

Haroid.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey and Miss Eleanor Rumsey
(to quote the "Seabreeze News") was
decidedly a time of unqualified enfoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Esmeralda Hotel, and the proprietess was
heard to remark that never in all her
life had she seen so jolly a company as

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Rob- | her boarders at this period. The visit lengthened from a fortnight into three weeks, then to a month, and still the

weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

"It does my heart good to see those young people living so happly," said Mrs. Maliworth. "It makes me feel younger again myself, I confess."

The major was standing at the casement looking away over the sea. Outside the promenade was almost deserted, for the dags were growing cold and sunless, but at the end of the thin line of beach, where it was cut off by the cliff that jutted out, he could see a woman and a man seated. Her hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old sailor watched he saw her head drop lower—lower—

"Mrs. Maltworth," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "come here. You see those two young people."

They are our young people."

They does me the saw there observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak.

served, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak.

"I felt sure it would come," she cried.
"Fancy — this is the thirteenth year without a break!"

"The thirteenth year" thundered the major. "Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—"Major Rumsey!" interrupted the little woman. And then she explained and explained so well that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself and explained so well that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself and swore with a characteristic milliary oath that he could have desired no better mate for his lad.

"Oh, dear," she cried, in great dismay, "It musn't be. I was forgetting, but would never do."

"What wouldn't do?" inquired the mater.

major.
"Why, it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13th that my

poor Robert—"
"Nonsense, my dear madame," growled her listener. "Surely, you don't believe in that old woman's tale!"
"But Robert—on the 13th—"
"-Robert!" the major thundered, and

immediately apologized. 'I forgot my-self, What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of

why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?"
"Why, indeed?" murmured the lady.
"Suppose, for instance, two other peo-ple found that they could join forces with advantage and advance on the with advantage and advance on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—but, dash it all, Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—waht do you say to taking me?" and here the major flop-ped down on his knees in most unmilitary style-"me-an old half-pay officer without a friend in the world? Now,

what shall we say?"

And, like the soldier's daughter and
the soldier's widow that she was, the
blushing proprietress of the Esmeralda "Yes" with precision. answered "Yes" with precision.

That is how it is that the Esmeralda

man insisted, and finally the good-natured "non-comish" took his place.

Up to the colonel's tent the German hastened, The colonel was there. The private saluted,

"Colonel," he abruptly inquired, "var's dot vaggin of ammynition down by der, end of der camp worth?"

The colonel knew the German inti-mately. In fact, Louis, as everybody called him, was a general favorite and highly regarded by all who knew the story of his personal sacrifice.

"What's it worth?" repeated the smiling officer.

Their Relation to Tramps - The Hobo'sContempt for What he Terms "Gay-Cats" - The Part they Play in Strikes and Labor Troubles Patriotic Talkers.

New York Post :A few months ago as I was starting out on an investigation of the tramp situation on one of our railroads, a friend said to me: "! wish you would also get all the information you can in regard to the fellows we railroaders call 'stake-men.' In the middle states I estimate that there ar at least 20,000 brakemen who come un der this head, and many of them are known to railroad officials and never employed. They only keep a job until they have a stake-enough money to lie off for a while-and they make no effort to find another until their stake is gone. Between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard, and the Gulf and Atlantic seaboard, and the Gulf and Maine, there are easily 50,000 of these idlers battening on the community. Not all are railroaders; some are carpenters, machinists, masons, mill-hands, and so on. They constitute not a small part of America's so-called army of the unemployed, and I should like to know what the tramp thinks of them." These 'stake-men' were already familiar to me, but under a different name. The tramp calls them "gay-cats," and it was as such that I had learned to know them while making my tramp studies. His term for them comes from his disgust of their fainthearted vagabondage. They only go on the road in summer, or at least this is their one of the case of the case of the search and the same of the case of th the road in summer, or at least this is their plan, and when their money gives out and they have to beg to get back to where they started, or wherever it is is "under entirely new management," where they started, or wherever it is and the young people who congregate that they want to go, they generally ed better than the hoboes, and are foothere in the summer speak regretfully preface their appeals for assistance is he enough to carry watch-chairs and

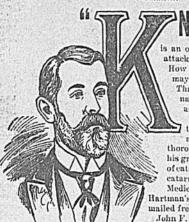
OUR ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.

first Ambassador in fifty years whose talents have lain along the lines of after-dinner speaking. He gestures with

his thumb and forefinger, and uses his hands in constantly changing ways.

Like an Open Book.

Startling statements about catarrhal troubles. - Dr. Hartman's successful



is an old proverb. The diseases that attack us are shrouded in mystery. How many of us know that catarrh may exist in any organ of the body? That a thousand unpronounceable names are given to diseases that are, every one of them, caturrh! Dr. Hartman has done much to throw light on this subject. His methods are open; his remedies thorough and scientific. Pe-ru-na is

his great prescription for every phase of catarrh. It has become the National catarrh remedy. Write to the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for Dr. Hartman's book on chronic catarrh: it is John F. Hans, Seneca Falls, N. Y., says:

John F. Hans, Seneca Falls, N. Y., says:
"Peru-na cured me of chronic catarrh of
the stomach with which I suffered for a long time. I took many medicines but
none helped me until I began to take Peru-na and Man-a-lin. I am now able
to do all my work. Peru-na has wonderfully improved my general health, and nend it to all my friends."

Mrs. J. N. Avery. Brown Valley, Minn., writes: "This is to certify that 1 suffered for years with masal catarrh, and by the use of six bottles of Peru-na am entirely cured. I would not be without it in the house.

Bright's disease is catarrh of the kidneys. Like most catarrhal diseases it is called incurable. Perm-na cures it by driving out the inflammation. Gilbert Hofer, Grays, Kentucky, says: "I have used four bottles of Pe-ru-na;

It curred my catarrh and my Bright's disease: I had been troubled for two years; I weigh twenty pounds more than I did before I was taken sick." Thomas McKenzie, Warrior, Ala., says: "I have been troubled with severe

catarrh of the lungs, and found nothing to complete a cure until 1 commenced to take Peru-na. Four bottles have made a new man of me." A book of letters from those who have been cured of catarrhal troubles by Pe-ru-na will be mailed on request. Pe-ru-na makes the membranes healthy and expels caterrh. It works in hurmony with nature, and has a forty years' record of success. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

Iowa employed on railroads in the east. The bulk of them are comparatively

they are after are quick returns for nervous spurts of labor, and then they start railroading again. Now, it is the harvest in the west that attracts, and hundreds of them will beat their way out there to get the benefit of the temporary high wages and again it he abig government job on some river. Winter is their usual working season, although wages are generally lowest at this time of the year. Many, however, are able to earn enough in the fall to keep them through the winter, and then wait until spring before looking for employment again.

They are nearly all men with trades but they are as likely as not to take work outside of their trades. I have seen electricians "taking in" the harvest in the west, and farm hands from lowa employed on railroads in the east. The bulk of them are comparatively

"fights," and some of them make their
"stakes" wrestling and boxing in barrooms and "athletic academies"; but
they cannot bear to be compelled to
fight, and it was this that they feared
in the late troubles with the Spaniards. One "stake-man" whom I tallied with a few days before hostilities
began, put it to me this way, "I want
to have a good time this summer, an'
I'm goin' up to Montreal to be sure of
it. If they catch me before I get there
send me to Cuba, I'm goin' to fight
just as hard as I can. The harder the
Americans fight the sooner the thing
will be over, but I'm not planning to
get into the scrap."

It is, perhaps, an idle fancy, but I cannot help thinking that, if the gov-ernment had been able to send an army ernment had been able to send an army of "stake-men" to Cuba, they would have come out of the ordeal with less loss from fever and camp disorders than was the case among our volunteers. The "stake-man," like the tramp, knows how to take care of himself, and I have met him in pest-stricken districts gorging himself with impunity in the deserted homes of the frightened inhabitants.

How large his class is must remain a matter of conjecture, for, like the tramp again, he is a very difficult man to locate absolutely, and a complete count of his companions is impossible. I think, however, that there are more than 50,000 east of the Mississippl, which is the estimate of one who has had

is the estimate of one who has had rumber of railway "stake-men."
Counting all the different varieties, 75,000 would seem to me to come nearer the mark. In the west they are not so numerous, but it is hard to believe that

dignity which the traditions of a cenury and a quarter have made a part of

ts being.
It may have been gratitude to the Revolutionary government for not con-fiscating all of his estate—that splendid grant of more than five million acres between the headwaters of the Rappahanneck and the Potomac, made Charles II, to Lord Culpepper, and coming into the Fairfax family by marriage-that induced the good Royalist Lord Thomas Fairfax, to transfer by leed to the state of Virginia, in trus for the public, five acres lying in the narrow trough of the Alleghenies almost at the very top of the "Northern Neck" of Virginia, a tract containing wonderful waters of purest quality, un-varying temperature, and unfailing

warying temperature, and though the flow.

Much later, in October, 1776, by an act of legislature, fifty additional acres were purchased from Lord Fairfax, to be laid out as a town "for the benefit of persons in pursuit of health and pleasure"; it being provided that noth-many derimental either to health or pleasure"; It being provided that noth-ing detrimental either to health or pleasure should ever be admitted with-in its limits. This article of the con-tract has not been kept inviolate, for an unsightly and otherwise troublesome tannery to-day disfigures a goodly bit of land in the very midst of the origi-mal borough. The aesthetic eye, ever disposed to strain a point for its own benefit might also leads that the suibenefit, might also insist that the spir-it, at least, of this provision is violated in the northern extension of the town a late growth around the railroad sta tion-for its ugly, straggling, unfinish ed appearance is very unsightly. On the steep wooded sides of Warn

and on the newer hilly streets of Berkand on the newer hilly streets of Berkeley heights opposite, are cottages built
after the pretty modern summer types
—one can find their like anywhere. But
these delight not the lover of old
things, when old things happen to be
of high historical value. Down the
village proper yet stand reserved-looking dwellings, severely plain, that are
doubtless older than the constitution.
They were the homes of an aristoeracy

that hardly knew the meaning of display in our sense of the word. They are, even now, or mforting to those who believe that an sleal can never really lose its hold upon men's minds, however much it may appear to be among the things departed.

The most admirable relic of all is the Fairfax Inn, which faces the park containing the springs and the baths, and is at present the only hotel in the place. This cheerful old house of white stuced and square white wooden pillars, with little green window balconies under its projecting roof, was formerly known as O'Ferrell's Coffee House. Its earliest name I could not discover, but one of its first landlords was the famous Balfey, "Prince of Gamblers," the only foreigner—so runs the story—ever introduced at the Crockford Club in London. A polished man of the world don. A polished man of the world-this Bailey-albeit a gambler and an innkeeper; one who drove in his own carriage, and who in manners, if not morals, was the peer of his most distin-guished guests.

It needs surely but an indifferent imagination to picture this antique hostelry alive with the formal life of those early times. My own imagination was fortunately aided by the actual recoi-lections of my guide about this fascilections of my guide about this fasci-nating place; a man in whose memory the happenings of seventy or seventy-five years ago are clearer than are those of last year. His people have lived at Berkeley—or Bath, as it was then called—from the days of Washing-ton, and he has himself spent a consid-erable portion of his many decades here. When a little child, he saw many the balles from far aware tree than. here. When a little child, he saw many fine ladies from far-away states draw up in a coach and six before the inn,

up in a coach and six before the inn, come there to taste the waters.

The home of the old gentleman's fore-fathers, in an almost tragic condition of decay, stands just where a path once led down from the Washington cottage direct to the Springs; for George Washington was a yearly visitor to Berkeley and had his place next to that of Lord Fairfax, who, royalist though he was, possessed a generous heart and a liberal mind, and must have enjoyed seeing his former protege, the obscure boy surveyor, rise to such high estate. Sad to relate, both of these cottages have vanished, and in their stead are two new - fashioned dwellings, interesting only because of their respective sites.

Lost Years of Youth.

> James H. Wallace could have paid \$3,000 for the information contained in the following lines, and been a gainer by the purchase. His experience, which cost dearly, given freely to others.

If the information contained in the fol-If the information contained in the following lines had been in the possession of James H. Wallace, of Detroit, Mich., he would have saved more than \$3,000 and would have enjoyed five years of health and happiness, instead of torture.

Mr. Wallace is an expert accountant and bookkeeper, in the office of C. A. Haberkorn & Co., Detroit. He lives with his family in a pretty home at 240 Sixth Street. He was marked by misfortune from his

He was marked by misfortune from his

File was marked by mistortune from his birth, having inherited scrotula.

Still a young man, Mr. Wallace seemed, as he told his story, to have a long life of vigorous health and usefulness before him. He tells about the remarkable incident that led to his complete restoration as follows:

"The first physician soon said I had a constitutional blood disorder, and by constant treatment and diet it might be cured!

"Blood purifiers and spring medicines Blood purifiers and spring medicines

made the eruptions more aggressive and painful. In 1888 I was a fearful looking sight; in fact, repulsive.
"Large ulcers on my limbs discharged

"Large ulcers on my limbs discharged continuously.
"I tried everything; took medical baths; went to Medicine Lake, Washington; spent over \$3,000 for medicine and medical service—all wasted money, time and energy.
"My recovery seems like a miracle to me. Its beginning seems like romance. It was as follows:
"One day in the fall I read a newspaper article about a cure effected by Dr. Wil-

only because of their respective sites.

In the possession of my old friend's amily is many a Washington relic, and one, a pair of sleeve-links, bearing the device of two towers and the motto, "Urroque Unum." picked up out of the ruins of the Fairfax cottage. It may represent a veritable coal-of-arms, though not found in the book of English be raidry; whose, it would be interesting to know.

At the back gate of one of the hill cottages lies what at first sight appears a shapeless mass of rock; it is in reality a very worn and broken millstone, taken from the mill of one Rumsey, and a deserving of more notice than he generally gets. Anticipating Fitch's and Fulton's experiments with steam, Rumsey, in 1784, in the presence of Washington, Fairfax, Gates and many other distinguished folk, launched a small steambact on the Pctomac about two miles from Berkeley Springs. It would seem that, in default of a mill-would seem that, in default of a monument this battered remnant of a mill-would seem that the seem that the would seem that in general to sumple a folion the peak of the surging of the surging of the surging of the s vegetable, ever been discovered in them. Their temperature the year around is 4 degrees; their volume, of 4,600,000 gal-

liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It Interliams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It inter-ested me, but I quickly forgot it.

"That afternoon while moving some books I broke an ulcer on my leg and nearly fainted.

"The pain made me sick. I stopped work and dropped into a chair.

"Then I again saw that newspaper arti-cle. The paper was lying on the floor, the article exposed as though forcing me to take warning."

warning.
"I read it through again carefully and decided to give the pills a fair trial. The cure described in the paper was like my

own case.
"I sent for a box of the pills at once and took some that afternoon.

"From that day I began to mend.

"When one box was linished my friends remarked upon my improved looks.

"Eight boxes cured me completely—

"Eight boxes cured me completely—
there was not a sore left on my body."
Mr. Wallace made affidavit to the truth
of his story before Robert E. Hull, Jr., a
Notary Public.

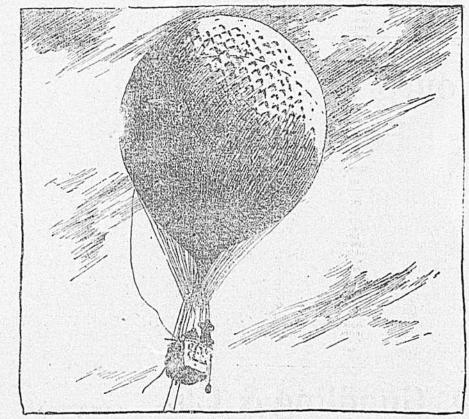
Thousands of similar cases illustrate the
unequalled power of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills for Pale People over diseases of the
blood and nerves. No blood disease has
been discovered that can withstand the
action of their powerful vegetable ingredients, which harmlessly expel the impuritics that cause disease. All druggists sell
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People;
one box 50 cents six boxes, \$2.50.

NATIVE PHILIPPINE GIRLS



DON CARLOS ENJOYING LIFE. Don Carlos is just now one of the happiest men in Europe. He floats in his gondola upon the canals of Venice and allows his agents to collect money for his coming campaign. He is always accompanied by his wife and his big, faithful pet dog.

and allows his agents to collect money for his coming campaigh. He is always accompanied by his wife and allower he mark. In the west they are not 50 numerous, but it is hard to believe that they number less than 2500 there. At 500 there, 12500 there,



A GERMAN WAR BALLOON. The German army, recognizing the use of balloons in warfare, especially since the battle of Santiago, practices both in their use and destruction. New quick-firing guns were found to be especially efficacious in demolishing the balloons. These balloons are sent up daily, and the Kaiser's soldiers fire at them.



of the old days-the days that are no more-Charles Beckett in the Chicago News.

Made the Colonel Gasp. A returned Cleveland volunteer tells : good story of a comrade, a wealthy German from Wisconsin, who in a fine spirit of patriotism had enlisted as a private soldler. He proved a good one, but the exacting duties of camp life soon

grew irksome. One night he was de-

tailed to stand guard over an ammuni-

tion wagon. It was a chilly night and the rain was falling. To and fro he plodded until his patience was ex-

"Corporal of der guard!" he roated.

No attention was paid to him and he roated again. Then the corporal appropriet him.

proached him.
"Dake my gun," he said, "and watch

dees vaggin a leetle vile. I want to go und speak mit der colonel."

hausted.

SCENES AND PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE GREAT POISONING CASE WHICH IS NOW BEFORE THE NEW YORK PUBLIC,

with requests for work. The hobo hates this unprofessional method of satisfying hunger; to be a genuine, member of his fraternity one must know how to live without work, and the "stake-men" usually lacks the nerve to manage on this basis. He has the hobo's wanderlust and love of liquor, but not the hobo's Bohemian abandon. The latter calls him "gay-cat" because he goes on the road thinking it is all joy and merriment. In the hobo's opinion, tramping, to be done well, requires a tiresome apprenticeship! many tramps on our railroads is "hold-ing up" these "tenderfeet." Cases are known where they have been relieved of all of their clothing and money, and have had to don the rags of the hoboes.

The tramp's theory in regard to them is that they are possessed of "the rail-road fever." An old roadster of the west once put their case to me this way: "They are just like the kids you see runnin' up an' down some road.

road as a wit and speaker. He is th

well, requires a tiresome apprenticeship like every other profession. see runnin' up an' down some road. They don't know, any more than the They don't know, any more than the kids, where they want to go, but they keep on ridin' an' ridin' just the same. After awhile they get so that they ain't happy unless they're on some freight train. They are neither good tramps nor good workmen; they're afraid to do nothin' but beg, an' they're too lazy to do nothin' but beg, an' they're too lazy to do nothin' but work. I wish they were all dead. They hurt our business more than all the charity societies and The most convenient place to make the acquaintance of the "stake-men" is at the railway watering tank, the railway trespasser's "depot." Here they gather to wait for freight trains to meet their cronles, and they are easily distinguished from the hoboes by the and speak mit der colonel."

bungling way they jump on to trains,
The corporal demurred, but the Gerand their faked "tough" talk. What were all dead. They hurt our business more than all the charity societies and police forces in the world. They make people think that tramps are really lookin' for work, an' you know well enough that we ain't. Why, they've spoiled this state we're in, so that lots o' times women have the nerve now to ask me if I'm willin' to work for a meal. Of course, I tell 'em that I'm just out of a hospital, an' ain't able to work; but they'll get on to me after awhile, an' it'll be those blasted gaycats thatp ut 'em on to me, too.'

> The honest workingman, if he would might bring an equally severe charge against the "stake-men." They are always in evidence at his strikes and labor disturbances, and are frequently those who lead him on to violent performances. They have practically nothing to lose and everything to gain in such undertakings, and the excitement of it all is a pleasure to them. They were out in full force in "Coxey's They were out in full force in "Coxey's Army," and they were very noticeable in the Pullman strike. In winter, if they have not succeeded in finding work after their summer's holiday, they railroad to our large cities and help to swell the ranks of the much-pitted "uneApployed." Probably a third of every city's unemployed are "stakemen." In the spring they start out again on their wanderings, halting for a month or two somewhere to pick up "a stake" sufficient to keep them in to-bacco and liquor, and then begins the summer outling.
>
> As citizens in times of peace and just after they have got their "stakes" they are very patriotic. They think that this is "God's own country," and are

Spring Mountain, facing the sunrise